

The Hunting of the Fox.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of, *Now the Tories that Glories, &c.*

I.

Hey *Jowler, Ringwodd, and Towzer,*
Ho *Smoaker, Drunkard, and Fly;*
Sweet-lips, Light-foot, and Bowzer;
Brave *Bowman, Lofly, and Cry;*
And Four and Twenty brave Couple,
To make a Pack for the *Downs,*
Sure footed, and your Limbs supple;
The Scent's hot yet on the *Grounds.*
The Old *White Fox* is got loose again;
We think he's gone to ketch *Goose* again:
His *Cubs* they sculk and desert amain.
Come let's beleaguer their Holes:
For they're past Evil; to th' *Devil*
We'll send 'em with thread bare Souls.

II.

They have left the City, 'tis pity,
And their damn'd Party i'th' *Lurch:*
If to be Hang'd, 'twould be pretty,
For Treason 'gainst *King and Church.*
For Sink-ports, *Venus and Juno;*
For Champion, *Thunder and Spark;*
Let *Swift* beat for *Caralino,*
And *Nofer* wind 'em i'th' *Dark.*
Like *Wasps* and *Flies,* they would bite us;
As *Wolves* do *Sheep,* they would treat us;
Like *Grockadiles,* they would eat us;
They thirst for Innocent Blood:
Then never scruple, but grapple
For *King* and *Country's* Good.

III.

Round the Demantion o'th' *Nation,*
Beat all the Banks on the *Shore;*
And some leap o're the main *Ocean,*
If they are gone before.
O surround 'em, confound 'em,
From *Sea-Port* to *City-Walls;*

If there they venter to shelter,
Zounds, tear 'em out of their Holes:
For making Church into Stables,
And vaumping *Kings* up of Baubles,
And torging *Plots* out of Fables,
And seizing *Kings* in a trice;
That the crooked Piper, might vapour
Like *Rat* amongst Fifteen *Mice.*

IV.

Scoure the Globe to the *Axels,*
From Pole to Pole then retire,
And center at Mother *Creswels;*
The *Fox* us'd to Harbour there:
There, there both Wives, Whores & Virgins,
He had them all at his Call,
T'oblige his Captains and Surgions,
'Till better Occasions fall.
At *Oxford* late all his Cubs and He,
To the *Exclusion* did all agree;
Could not budge further, till sign'd & free.
Yet *Rowley* roused the *Rump,*
And sent 'em all to *Pegg Trantams;*
And *Tapsky's* worn to the Stump.

V.

Oh, *Swift's* returned, and *Nofer,*
Their Hoofs are batter'd with Greet:
The Game shews by the Opposer,
He's lodged in *Aldersgate-Street.*
Come ring a Peal with a Courage,
The Grains o'th' Tap makes a Train;
He lurks in the Hole to make Forrage
Of all that uses his Name.
We'll fetch him out with *Mandamus,*
And hang him with *Ignoramus;*
There's none but Rebels can blame us:
More Pardons let him not hope;
For all his Squinting and Blinking,
He must to th' Hatchet or Rope.